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Original Poetry.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEVDEN BARD.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune!
Shakespeare.

Why are ye sad? Has life then no beauty
To hold the wild senses luxurious in chains;
And young spirits to allure, like the sirens,
Command you to follow their bedded gains?
Arouse from the slumber of sorrow and coldness
Wake up to the glories that lie in your lot;
Receive the newer welcome which comfort and gladness
Extend to the youthful, who loves life's spot.

The trumpet is sounding, the colors are flying,
And victory's seen in the distance dim
While exulting dead, and the groans of the dying
Fill full the red slaughter-cup to its brim!
Shall the lustre of life be there lost forever,
And all its hopes perish upon the plain;
While ye walk through existence so lonely, and never
March boldly to conquest to rest it again?

Shall illnesses wait its dread poison around you,
And ye be content with the horror,
Permitting it soon to fasten and confound you
With all the foul vapours of its disease?
Ah! no, it is unbecoming for those who breathe
Far off from the heights of Creation's zone;
Astonishing those whom nature's grace is surrounding
To fling off the stupor, and leave it again!

Shall affluence soothe you with quieting slumber
To rest, in the midst of plenty of peril,
Whilst trifling your hours and days without number
Are counted for nothing, and time is lovely!
A voice of loud meaning incessantly flutters
Around, that from heaven's own throne is true,
With startling wonder it solemnly mutters,
Away—as in action—and try it again!

Shall rank and honour allure you from service,
The free space clean to its darkest cell;
And ye be denied ere a hopeless "yes, sir!"
Or shall wealth glean power or might safely dwell?
Shall misery spread her sad famishing picture,
And beckon for help in a beggarly tone?
And ye in her cheerless and dreary dominion
Sink helplessly on her journey in rest?

Whence comes then this brooding of care and distraction,
Which haunts you slow footsteps both night and day?
Life's site never designed for misery in rest!
But enter in wrote his courage away!
The caper of affection can't constantly grimacing,
The wilderness brightens beneath their glare,
Bright mirrors of Hope are incessantly beaming,
And beckon the brave to "happiness" there!

Then onward—remember the calling command me
To wrestle 'mid perils, and startling strife,
Let not the fear where'er ever it commands thee,
And let your true guide be your conscience and life!
There's a charter to Man—an unalienable promise
In having discharged our moral task well,
To the achiev of life—man's highest reliance—
A home for the misery of old age to dwell!

Then "NEVER DESPAIR" whilst the heart's deep emotion
Responds to the thrill of affection's call!
But fly to the rescue with tireless devotion
Remember there's succour for those who fall!
The heralds of glory await to reward thee
With lasting green fruit from their rich treasured store,
And when the dark shadows of sorrow shall grasp thee,
A crown's thine on Eternity's shore!

Original Tales.

THE VILLAGE ARISTOCRAT And the Tinker.

A TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. CAROLINE PETERSON.

I resided once in a pleasant little village in the State of New York, of which (the village I mean) a Mr. Smith was the honored head, and ruler. He was proprietor of the principal dry goods store, owned the village hotel, and various manufacturing establishments, and half the village consisted of houses built and rented by him, for the accommodation of his workmen and artizans. He had several sons and daughters, some married (but the first married of the daughters), and some still playing the belle and the exquisite at home. One could not help fancying that their parents were somewhat proud of the latter, as studiously did they avoid all fellowship with "common people," so spiritedly did they resent every approach toward intimacy from the "upstarts." To wear an unfashionable hat was sufficient to exclude one from their society, and to be seen walking with a poor but intellectually mangled French, in the same tongue, was an abomination.

It chanced that I, though little more than sixteen years of age, kept a school in the village, and being considered educated, was allowed, in their condescension, to associate with the Misses Smith, but not very fond of availing myself, although they frequently sent pressing invitations, when they had a party, and servants to call for me in a carriage, to pass over their own names, or patterns for lace work, or embroidery, or a delicate receipt for cookery, or fancy work in which they "learned in the seminary, but had carelessly forgotten." Having been sent for, on such occasions, to wait, and attend, and intently unmindful of surrounding objects; no entreaties to induce him to eat, and then to dance with "the best set in the room," certain he did not sleep, for he was restless, and continually sighing and moaning. His father complained bitterly of his misery, and fearing for his reason, or his life, went to Laura, and having described Edward's condition, told her that it was for her he suffered, that he loved him, and besought to know if she did indeed love another.

"I have no particular preference for any man," she replied, "neither do I know how the report of my approaching marriage originated."

"Then," said Mr. Barton, "I hope you will endeavor to think favorably of my son."

"I will try to do so, if you command," she replied, "for I am sure I can never possibly love him."

"Why!" extracted the old man, "consider, Edward will be a wealthy man, he will inherit my estate. I shall not divide my farm, but give Sarah her portion in money and silver dishes."

"To no consideration with me," replied Laura, "do I love Edward all his wealth cannot possess, and could add to it a million in gold I would not be his wife."

Mr. Barton put his hands, and the locks were gashed from his eyes, as he arose and took his leave. He soon after mentioned, in Edward's hearing, that a report of a marriage with approaching marriage was utterly unfounded. A gleam of joy passed over the poor fellow's face, like a flash of lightning, and then came the dark cloud, and a violent tremor shook him from head to foot. Then burst forth that pent up wasted sadness, long and wailing in its wrath, and cries and bitter sobbing, and when at length he grew calm, his strength had utterly forsaken him. Such was the prostration of his powers, that his family were obliged to carry him to his bed. A violent fever ensued, and he was confined to his bed and room several weeks. All this time Laura came not near him, though all the young people of the village came in rotation, to watch by his pillow. She observed her absence, the inference was unavoidable. Earnestly did he wish for death, but the deliverer came not, and he slowly recovered.

As soon as he could walk out, he went to Mr. Allen's. After a few hours he walked home, and finding the village deserted, as it usually is at day he commenced wandering. At first his excursion was short, and he came home every few weeks, but Laura married, and his walks wandered far away. Whenever he was at home his parents entreated him with tears to repose, but still would he linger elsewhere. Now there was no public house in that village, but two or three at the distance of a mile; and at the post man ate a few bites of supper, shouldered his budget, and went his way.

About an hour after, having finished my thinking, I left Mrs. Smith and her children to attend me to my boarding house. We had walked about twenty rods, when turning a corner we caught a view of wild and passionate weeping. We paused. The weeping continued, broken by frequent ejaculations of strange prayer. We passed the linker had laid down his wallet beside the fence, and there extended on the damp ground, he was pouring out his sorrows in the ear of the merciful Friend. My companion accosted him, and enquired why he was weeping. Because I am alone, and miserable: was the answer, "and the friend you gave me going a few rods farther," said my esquire, "when I return I will lead you to a better lodging."

I wept so that I could hardly walk; and it was matter of wonder and mysterious speculation, in my train, that I should be grieved. Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Algerson Smith could have done to the school mistress to make her cry so, like a baby.

A few days after, the good old woman, goaded by her own, or other people's curiosity, made bold to inquire of Mr. Smith whether I was the other night, when he led me in sobbing so bitterly. Of course this brought me to an explanation. Your pardon, signed Mrs. Wood, my landlady, as I concluded. "No wonder he feels sad. I knew him when he was a boy, and could tell you all his history." It was then my turn to be curious, and after a few preliminaries she began.

That poor fellow's name is Edward Barton. His father was a rich and respectable farmer, with, beside Edward, an only daughter. Edward was considered a stranger by his parents and neighbors. He seldom joined in the noisy gambols of the boys of his own age, but as soon as he could read, made himself a constant recreation. He would sit absorbed in his volume, heedless of all that was passing, and if not astonished that it was bed time, would read until his lamp burnt out. When laboring in the field he would sometimes sit down, and retain such fondness for learn, as absorbed in thought that it was sometimes difficult to arouse him. I have observed him at such times, and thought I could read in his face the vanity expression. Perhaps I was foolish, but I thought he must certainly be conversant with mysitic, intellectual, and lofty things. He was a silent boy, he was quiet, and yet unmindful of surrounding objects; no entreaties to induce him to eat, and then to dance with the best set in the room, certain he did not sleep, for he was restless, and continually sighing and moaning. His father complained bitterly of his misery, and fearing for his reason, or his life, went to Laura, and having described Edward's condition, told her that it was for her he suffered, that he loved him, and besought to know if she did indeed love another.

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"Go, sir," said Mrs. Hawker, in a tone of severe majesty; "what is going on on the twenty-fifth?"

John made a mighty effort to utter—"Nothing!"

"Nothing! oh, John! as if I did not know Simple of old. But this once, if you do deal with him on that day, you don't come home to me the same day." [Sensation.] "I tell you so, I warn you, John. I won't put up at all."

Alas! John quite wished he could guess it in his heart; but he saw not the slightest better hint; not so he said on the subject. "Very well, my dear," he said, "I'll be sure to visit his friend on the day named, faithfully promised that he would."

Again the mistress bristled that John Hawker's last promise did not state of drinking the party; neither was this overlooked by his wife. "If you drink aught, John, when at Simple's wine here comes after supper of little tumblers of the port colored sherry and water, never drink more John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only confidant. Vain was her triumph over Meriton the butler, when she succeeded in getting the cash at last—vain for John afterward on to her exhaustion. "Here," thought the wretched sinner, "can I face Simple, when the nerve of the valley comes to his ears?"

How indeed? Domestic snakes cowards of us all, but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being insulted by lonely his companion, mingled with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter him on the road; he dared not be seen at home, lest Simple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could create no reasonable excuses for going errands of business for his local partner, he was observed to turn on the other side of the street, and to quicken his pace, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to cross. Once, when he thought he saw Simple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley, and another time, when labouring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a dentist's shop and called for a glass of grog with so much incoherency of manner, that the man of teeth refused to serve him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Simple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Might not the creditor swoop up all his wrath till the default of payment, and have settlings committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs. Hawker? Would he not send a writ and the bare antelope. Ha! but no, he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may give her the debt—meant, in fact, to forgive it—but promises to pet it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be inflicted upon him—and failed in none else.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day—the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, in John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had just gone to London at some pressing business—"Perhaps," said John, the fine moment he heard himself speak, but rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence, that his inner shop-lodger looked down at the floor to hide his boss—"perhaps," he exclaimed, "Staple has forgotten the ten pounds!"

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him at a nearer end of the town, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he perused her list by the shortest path, and then undertook it. He walked along the streets with a kind of swagger, and could hear, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice, past Staple's house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these occasions this comfortable complacency of mind was deemed to receive a severe check. John met the post-man after the latter in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and trembled; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most sequestered part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the greater for breaking his word, the writer gave him a peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid "immediately," (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes,) the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney, for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbors by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so terrible but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple didn't mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to face the law.

It was well he was this fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, when he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger, who came in under pretence of inspecting the price of nutting wax. Luckily, at that moment John, having just sold a pennyworth for size was weighing off treacle,) and John was able to crush the memorandum in his hand, and thrust it under his apron-string, without detection. When subsequently secured of the boon, in reading it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

"Precisely," says a month-used adage, "are nothing when you are used to them;" in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Such, at least, was evidently the case with as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had he mixed himself tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—pallied him, in a willered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, assistance men could have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred selling his wife and the goods and furniture, that in moments of extreme excitement several well-achieved suicide had been. He had thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but his grief himself to stay at the metaphor forced, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity. And one morning, while the devoted Champion was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlor, a rough looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs. Hawker's attention, and the stranger was enquiring for her husband; she desired him to "step in." The moment the parlor door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the constable, he saw it was all over with him. He fled with the last dash of fate from the ledger took off one of his short sleeves, and looked for his bat. "I suppose I must go with you," he muttered, in a tone of voice so certain that would have done honor to a martyr.

"Oh, no!" answered the officer, "I've got a very dirty pocket-book: you labor under a mistake the word"—and he exhibited a bundle of parchment—"the writ is not a capias. I have not come to take your body, but your goods—that's all."

"The what?" asked John, aghast; "the goods? the what?"

"Of course; and want to trade, too—at least so much of it as fairly pertains to pay costs," John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other appurtenances of the parlor-room, and felt his good lady took much pride and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison than lose His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the prodigious that was about to fall on the House was a small one. "Money or goods," he exclaimed, "is there no way of settling the affair short of this?"

"Not by the means," said the officer, as he took off his greatcoat and prepared to make himself perfectly at home, "unless you never can just yet; for I dare say you have no money."

"But how can it be avoided?" asked poor John, grasping the proffered writ with unnatural energy; "what can I do?"

"Why, this way. You've got a wife, I suppose? Well, you must send her off to some friend, and keep me here if you can't raise the money together. But I'll tell you what, master, we will have to sell something or they'll seize my Hawker. [Sensation.] "I pretend to be wife and children, sir."

"Nothing of the sort," said the officer, with a coarse, but comforting civility. "Men of my profession are obliged to be civil to their wives' husbands. They put me in mind of my ledger, who boasts I'll give you a character about it."

"But I cannot," said the officer, "I'm obliged to be off to the next house. Make haste," he added, looking about in any. "Yes, my lord, emigrated three months ago."

The man replied, "Very well: leave the room to me," just as for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Hawker entered the parlor.

The imperious "man in possession" exercised his imagination so successfully, that he soon filled the mind of the not-exactly-timorous Mrs. Hawker. He said he had been sent by the solicitor to give an account of their embarkation, and he say they were quite well; adding, that he was sorry he had to accept the bill. Satisfied with which Mr. Hawker had given him to stay a day or two with the agent of the vessel, and was then separated from London. The lady frowned upon him instead of one of those fine-looking men, and hastily packed John trembin. The gentleman however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he was a capital packer—was not content with during the rest of the day; so agreeable to the wishes of Mrs. Hawker, that after she had gone per the produced the gold-colored sherry, and John found it his duty to accept the kind attention, in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house like a man in a dream. The little wit he had left him was completely frightened, and he usually possessed was completely confounded. He had an early sending the paper to press always; and the impossibility of inducing our hands to labor on the glorious sixteenth—even had a new fit of dread. He blew up against the impossibility, but in vain; for every man in possession was detected smoking a pipe of by the kitchen fire before Mrs. Hawker's arrival she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agency was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and died upon the bed; and before the news of the rigid sheepwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her animosities were centered in her husband: the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself use useful to be thought unkindly of; but John was a day's or a fortnight, and on the fifth day was to-morrow!

The letter despatched to Mrs. Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was from rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something on which Then this Mrs. Hawker intended her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that a woman's ingenuity could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but each time the aggregate to make a grand display. As noted by us last week there will be a great number of wand and district political associations and dinners, and an unusually large military display.

With the sunrise on the Fifth will commence the firing which will last all day, but the wholesale man will commence putting up their uproars orders and packages for the interior of the States, and also the great Western mail will be off to the Summer point, and the streets at their quiet period.

It is gratifying to be able to say that the city, for the season, healthy. Some of our newspaper prophets of evil, we notice, are predicting a fearful epidemic prognosticating a large crop of graves, and more thoroughly matured at the early season, than usual. In fact, our good folks have actually been treated to early fruits and vegetables actually fit to eat, at the time when were only looking for the miserable stuff which generally makes its appearance about this season of the year. We have, however, not only pecuniary inducements to cover our fields and the backs of our rivers with the choicest fruits, to delight the eye and gratify the palate, but a higher object, the promotion of the health and happiness of our fellow citizens.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made for a number of years past, to prevent the late flood, the city was literally drowned out—and the success has been very complete, indeed, so far as any thing like a system of overlooking the markets of the country is concerned. Such was the case in the year of the Missouri, and *forty feet* out of the Kansas, a main branch of that stream.

Illinoistown was completely under water. The ferry boat crossing from St. Louis to the Illinois side, a distance of two miles, and the property as beyond all computation—buildings were floating down the Mississippi, also the immense quantities of cattle drowned on the bottoms their interest to support, literally land none of grain and hay, which would find it and the owners of the latter, in many instances, lost the large cities of the garden, the greatly to their sorrow, that they have been con- siderably more to the trouble of from its surviving at the Cahokee and Kaskaskia bottoms, and the yellow dome. Nearly every year when well up to the average, and the latter, in fact, produce a superabundance, and in some instances, almost a decided preference over the Illinois Point. As fast as my readers may be of the utter hopelessness of doing any thing suitable, I occupy it with the well content with, good grape, property and carefully cultivated, will be found a much better bank in the State. Then the enjoyment of a vineyard, and the management of a vineyard is a source of pleasure, the general reader may have no idea of, from the perusal of the pages of the Farmer's Journal, and the Horticulturist.

Since the above was in type, our Western exchanges bring us further terribly exciting particulars. Dates are from St. Louis to the 22d of June, and the details which we have received from that city, and the west, are such as to mock all efforts to estimate the damage done. But whatever else the two may be, it cannot extinguish the spirit of reckless- ness, of from the personal of the pages of the Farmer's Journal and has terribly the Western editors. For instance, the editor of the St. Louis Reveille thus notices the inundation of the city prison:

IMMORALITY.—The intractable result of "getting high," is in itself no little difficulty; and it is truly melancholy for us to state that our old and respectable friend, the Father of Waters, has, at last, got into the Calaboose when he ought to be in his bed!

We can see no symptoms of an abate ment of the flood. The water of the Mississippi was thirty *four feet six inches* above low water mark on Saturday night, and the river was three miles from end even fifteen miles wider at different points. The editor of the St. Louis Reveille, in one letter describes a boating excursion made by him, in company with others.

We left the foot of Market street, and cross ed to the ferry landing: from thence we passed over several streets of Illinoistown, and went up to "Old Pap's House," a mile and a half from the ferry landing. There we rested thoroughly, and refreshed ourselves, at the railroad- passed along it some distance, and through another field to the big lake and the bluffs, near the Pittsburgh coal mines, a distance of about nine miles. On our return, we crossed to the head of the island. Everywhere we witnessed the destruction of whole crops, the people's subsistence of the farmer and his family. Those who have not tested, can scarcely form a conception of the strength and rapidity of the current; for the most skilful boatmen, it is hard to make head as it crosses through the flood. The main current appears to strike directly behind the first island above the city, and from the head of it, a perfect treaties off and passing down the east shore. Never did I witness such the car more exactly or more faithfully than our boat, and the current was about the head of the Island. It was the accomplishment of a feat, to pass the young gentlemen from the island, and hand down to their grand children, (if they ever should have any—for, except our friend Pope, we have no one to left on the face of single number,) as evidence of their skill and strength. The last was not without danger: equal to its difficulties.

Between Illinoistown and Illinois Missouri gives the rise twenty-five feet above its usual height. Whole towns are destroyed and swept away. The Missouri Pacific Railroad, the great river, bridges, are completely inundated, and hundreds of families have been left with nothing save the clothing they had on. In fact the scenes of misery and distress, are such as to almost defy description. At Camden Bend two men were taken off the house roof, and rescued from what may have been three twenty-four hours. The river is filled with drift, and a large number of steam and other boats are engaged in the rescue of their with cattle, hogs, furniture, and produce. Two warehouses were swept into the river a few days since, containing the average of the year's business before Independence City, which is now low lay there. A number of persons are missing at different points, but it is supposed that the greater portion have got to the bluffs, and will be found safe.

The distress which this terrible flood will occasion, all along the banks of the Mississippi, it is almost impossible to conceive. As already stated, it is the most terrible visitation that has ever before occurred in the history of the country. And it is one which no human power can avert. The only method of prudence is to estimate these unavoidable disasters in making up the average of the year's business, and to profit by the advantages of the West, and so study the river as to be prepared for them.

The country becomes more interesting as it approaches the mountains. Here is a region where we will witness these singular imitations of the "sacsatilla." Perhaps it might be as well to ascertain that other than the gentlemen were about on the evening of the 4th. Stimulating those who have nautical instruments in charge, from one hundred to one thousand miles in advance, we assume, is a duty conducive to the regularity of the apparatus.

"THE FIRST GUN."

In upwards of a considerable number of the political papers sent this week, we shall find the head above quoted appended to the results of the election, held on Monday in Louisiana. The first gun was fired on the part of the Democracy, and on the following day, Mr. Bagby, and leaving 428,000 to the same institution—pay of \$2,000 on the death of Mr. Calhoun. In examples, these. Money is much better disposed of in this way, than in paying nearly £2,000 each for oil paintings, as at the recent sale of the late Mr. Herman's pictures. The new Scottish Free Church is going on bravely—the building committee having let the organization of forty-one congregations, and 30 churches more in progress. The Wesleyan Methodists are going ahead in the same forty-two way in Australia; for at their last Anniversary Meeting of Missions, they reported that they had 374 stations in different parts of the world; that the receipts for 1843, were £110,620—expenditures £112,800. Reform is progressing in various quarters of Europe, for the Emperor of Russia has abolished flogging in his army, the King of Prussia has expressed a desire to abolish capital punishment, and the Queen of Holland has been issued at the War Office some days since, for the purpose of building a Church and Infirmary at Hong Kong.

MURDER.—A man named Wesley Hall was murdered in Kensington, on Saturday or Tuesday, shot his own wife and daughter, and his house in Kensington. He fired at two men who came to his assistance, and one of them was severely wounded by the same charge that took effect upon the deceased.

We understand that two thousand dollars were appropriated by the Legislature, in the name of the Shoop of war of Germantown, at Navy Yard in Southwark. This work will be commenced after the 4th inst., but no time will be done this year.

MR. DEARBYRE.—This favorite vocalist, and pianist, will give a concert on Wednesday evening. He has always been a favorite here, and in the absence of all musical competition, no doubt his concert, he cannot fail to be well patronized.

☞ An old iron weathercock made of sheet-iron, in the year 1836, by William Fenton, has recently been taken down from the cupola of the mill, on Chester Creek, may be seen at the reading room of the Merchants' Exchange.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—At a meeting of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools, on Monday, John Robbins, Jr., was chosen President of the Board, and Col. Thomas Sherlock, Secretary.

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Miscellaneous News.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—A powder mill belonging to Hazzard & Co., at Federal Town, containing about 1,500 pounds of powder, exploded on Friday morning week. A man of the name of Long was killed on the spot by the shock and was literally blown to atoms. He has left a wife and two small children. The mill has been running night and day, with several machinery. The immediate cause of the explosion is unknown.

☞ J. S. Derby, who has been connected with a balloon, states that he will go up a second time from Boston, on the 4th of July next, in honor of the day. He will take with him a band of music, and will make an address at the close.

SCHUYLKILL WATER WORKS.—A large number of persons were attracted to the banks of the Schuylkill, on Saturday afternoon, to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new Schuylkill Water Works in process of erection on the Fairmount side of the river.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.—Captain Partridge, the city on Saturday, with his corps, left for Bristol. The young gentlemen made a most favorably appearance. They performed various evolutions in Independence Square, after which they were addressed by Col. R. T. Conrad, who dwelt on the death of Washington, and the example of the Father of his country, and the following day, Mr. Beach, and leaving 428,000 to the same institution—pay of \$2,000 on the death of Mr. Calhoun. In examples, these. Money is much better disposed of in this way, than in paying nearly £2,000 each for oil paintings, as at the recent sale of the late Mr. Herman's pictures. The new Scottish Free Church is going on bravely—the building committee having let the organization of forty-one congregations, and 30 churches more in progress. The Wesleyan Methodists are going ahead in the same forty-two way in Australia; for at their last Anniversary Meeting of Missions, they reported that they had 374 stations in different parts of the world; that the receipts for 1843, were £110,620—expenditures £112,800. Reform is progressing in various quarters of Europe, for the Emperor of Russia has abolished flogging in his army, the King of Prussia has expressed a desire to abolish capital punishment, and the Queen of Holland has been issued at the War Office some days since, for the purpose of building a Church and Infirmary at Hong Kong.

MURDER.—A man named Wesley Hall was murdered in Kensington, on Saturday or Tuesday, shot his own wife and daughter, and his house in Kensington. He fired at two men who came to his assistance, and one of them was severely wounded by the same charge that took effect upon the deceased.

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Local Intelligence.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

With the thermometer at 100 in the shade, and the mercury looking in the sun comes of more importance than ever, we are even to elect a President or make a successful speculation. Therefore, we venture to give a secret of doing this: and just now we are in the humor that we could be persuaded to tell the secret of doing this: and just now we are in the humor that we could be persuaded to tell the secret of doing this: and just now we are in the humor that we could be persuaded to tell the

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please to write their names plain, and their address in full.

Letters or letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the *end* of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bills of Specie Paper current in this section received in payment for our bills.

A post note certificate will be made out for the amount, without which it is different to and from any other. Any postal note lost or stolen will be paid. *Counterfeits* must always state the Post Office county, &c., as well as to whom the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will sell out for the Saturday Post, under the terms of the following arrangement.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson C. JAMES, of Hartford, agent, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, *same*.

Agents for the Saturday Post.

H. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. F. Jennings

Thomas Wright, Lancaster, Kent and Sussex.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and Southwest, including Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South and North Carolina.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

Uranography; or, a Description of the Heavens, designed for Academies and Schools; accompanied by an Atlas of the Heavens, containing a delineation of the principal Stars, Clusters, and Nebulæ, by E. Otis Kendall, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Central High School of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.—With the author of this work astronomy may fairly be set down as a science. He is one of the most enthusiastic pursuers of the science in the world, and as a consequence he is one of the most competent to write a book on it, so far as knowledge is concerned. The profession has given him what till do not possess—the capacity to impart knowledge to others. We have been in the habit of resorting to him for the ordinary elementary treatises.

The Democratic Review, *for July*, is an able number, containing a variety of political articles—such as we have to those who are fond of red-hot fighting this warm weather—we must refer to the articles on "Texas," "Speech of the New Philosophy," a calm and dispassionate review of the "Philosophy of Theology." Then follows one of Hawthorne's excellent stories; a tale of some interest, by Elliot Cabot, entitled "Love and Heroism." A spirited review of the new Philosophy, a calm and dispassionate review of "Theology

Sacred Poetry.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Oh when the Poet comes to die,
When Death has twined his funeral crown
And shrouded up his glorious eye,
Where will ye lay him down?
The silver cloth is wrapped in tender
The golden bowl is broke again
Of the fine gold, the sons of Gentius lie?
Ah! no: such cold and splendid bed
Is not for him, who all his days must tread,
In lonely thought, unloved,
Where the sacred, unapproved
To tell the secrets never by
That here, in fame quiet, the sons of Genius lie?

Where the flow'rets smile in clustering love,
And the grass grows in breath of living thick sheen,
And the streams go winding sweetly by,
There, let him lie.

Where the wild bird holds its feathery nest,
And glances o'er it, from the spray,
And washed, and washeth and lingereth nigh,
There, let him lie.

And if some lake, or Lemnos, love
The summer sky, and the green grass,
Where tombs like mournful music die,
There, let him lie.

Or if perchance in greenwood cloke,
That forms its roof, he hold,
'Tis well: he need of war, or sign,
There, let him lie.

There let his lyre's soft music lie
Unstrung, as he himself lies low,
Where Lyon's eye
Beholds his lonely grave no more.

Southern Literary Messenger.

Biographical.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our time next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and finished. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same class; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less haggard realities which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow, we learn that he was born in Bath, in 1798, was the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property, but that he had commenced the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate common to all who are nurtured in the lap of luxury, but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, not that his latter years were spent unduly by the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the boldness of drawing stories upon his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses in the age at which Pope and Spencer attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was about fifteen when his father to do such duties, and after a severe struggle with the love of versification, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary assumption, but it did not prove the less unconquered when tried: and, finally, it became the sole bond by all parties, that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted —elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. As nearly stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, entered on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain for her brother's real state: for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family, were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to take to her lesson during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a remedy in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, this acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither she returned immediately after the decease of her brother. Edmund Greenfield thanks for love, and his attentions to the last one by the bereft family, and united constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table, in short, he soon became one of themselves.

The surviving sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathized, and "pity in akin to love." It was entirely surprising that such an attachment began under such circumstances should have strengthened day by day, and when they never declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to implant into the minds of her being able to raise a sufficient income to view of their mutual dependence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come to ward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel Greenfield, would not make a settlement on her.

How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady thereupon married, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another. Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, a relevate which, he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to the sister, probably that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, to we never meet again!" It is not of the highest but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:

I never wish to meet thee more, nor think on I've been
I never will to meet thee more, more dearer
And
With restless smiles and worldly words, I could
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold
I could not bear to see thee decline in the
Nor
And more could I endure to meet thee
When through the years the coming
In
For I have met thee
And I have seen the bright array, when it was
for me,
And often near the many waves I've wandered by the
sea,
With joy that passed away as far as sunshine from the
sky.

But cheerless as the summer's there is nothing happy
The dazzling
The dazzling
And if there lost the morning
I never wish to meet thee more, nor think
laughs,
By making me to regret thee by me unworthy thought:
No—I love with same beloved me, from care and
sorrow
May thy lot in life be happy, cultivated by thoughts of
flowers!

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gravest residence in Dublin, necessitated by the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning, in 1821, to the latter house, of Mount Eaton, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a connexion, apparently peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate in the event. He was introduced by a friend to a lady, who was given by Mrs. Hayes, whose maiden name was Hammond, and who was the daughter of a and the gay. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the poet of "Isabel," expressed the greatest desire to see its author. The friend just alluded to—for whom they are nobody's—offers, was the means of bringing the parties together. Mrs. Hayes was the last mother to entrust an only daughter to the care of a young man, who, for aught she knew, might be a fortune-hunter, especially as the young lady was of property in her own right. But the introduction of Mr. Bayly was not followed by any consequences of this kind. He was not a fortune-hunter, and he was not a lover. He was a friend, and he was nothing more. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter—no young man could approach her without danger—and she was a widow. Mr. Bayly put his name upon the list of visitors, and he was received as a friend. Such was the commencement of a connexion which ended in the poet's marriage with the daughter of the house.

Mr. Bayly was a homely, born in a brewer, so the great delight of his fair auditors.

He was also a man of great personal attractions, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad: "I will be smart, I will be early dead, I will be remembered by my lovely maid." Bell, turned his coat the other day, with the remark that "he would never keep a bull in his house that used to roar."

Mr. Bayly was a man of the world, and he was not a man of letters. He was a man of fashion, and he was not a man of science. He was a man of pleasure, and he was not a man of business. He was a man of wit, and he was not a man of wisdom. He was a man of genius, and he was not a man of talent. He was a man of taste, and he was not a man of judgment. He was a man of feeling, and he was not a man of sense. He was a man of heart, and he was not a man of head. He was a man of imagination, and he was not a man of reason. He was a man of fancy, and he was not a man of understanding. He was a man of poetry, and he was not a man of prose. He was a man of verse, and he was not a man of reason. He was a man of rhyme, and he was not a man of rhythm. He was a man of song, and he was not a man of music. He was a man of ballad, and he was not a man of opera. He was a man of drawing-room, and he was not a man of theatre. He was a man of society, and he was not a man of solitude. He was a man of the world, and he was not a man of the study. He was a man of the present, and he was not a man of the past. He was a man of the future, and he was not a man of the present. He was a man of the future